VOLUME XXIV-NO. 22.

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The famous balled of "Darby and Joan" having been called for by a learned pundit, and others, we present a copy, furnished from an old Almaunc of 1819:

When Darby saw the setting sun, He swung his scythe and home he run, Sat down, drank off his quart and said: "My work is done, I'll go to bed." "My work is done!" retorted Joan.
"My work is done!" your constant tone;
But helpless woman ne'er can say
Her work is done till Judgment Day; You men can sleep all night but, we Must toil. "Whose fault?" quoth he.

"I know your meaning," Joan replied, But, sir, my tongue shall not be tied, I will go on, and let you know What work poor women have to do: First, in the morning, though we lee! As sick as drunkards when they reel-Xes, teel such pains in back or head As would contine you men to bed—
We ply the brush, we wield the broom,
We air the beds and right the room;
The cows must be milked—and then We get the breakfast for the men. Ere this is done, with whimpering cries And bristly hair the children rise; These must be dressed and dosed with rue And f.d-and all because of you. We next-here Darby scratched his head And stole off grundling to his bed; And only said, as on he run-"Zounds! woman's clack is never done. At early dawn, ere Pt. colms rose, Old Joan resumed her tale of woes; When Darby thus—'I'll end the strife, Be you the man and I the wife; You take the scythe and mow while I Will all your boasted care supply."
"Content" quath Joan, "give me my stint;"
This Darby did, and out she went;

And whiried the dirt around the room; Which having done, he scarce knew how, He hi d to milk the brindle cow. The brindle cow whisked round her tail In Darby's eyes, and kicked the pail; The clown perplexed with grief and pain Swore he'd ne'er try to milk again; When turning round, in sad amaze, He saw his cottage in a blaze-For as he chanced to brush the room In careless haste he fired the broom. The fire at last subdued, he swore The broom and he should meet no more, Press d by misfortune and perplexed,
Press d by misfortune and perplexed,
Darby prepared for breakfast next;
But what to get he se-reely knew—
The bread was spent, and the butter too;
His hands becaubed with paste and flour,
Old Darby labored tall halt an hour;

Old Durby rose and seized the broom

But tuckless wight! then could'st not make The bread take form of loaf or cake. As every door wide open stood, In push d the sow, in quest of tead, And, stumbling onwards, with her shout O'erset the churn-the cream ran out. As Darby turned, the sow to beat, The slippery cream betrayed his feet; He caught the bread trough in his fall And down came Darby, trough and all. The children, wakened by the clatter, Start up and cry, "Oh! what's the matter?" Old Lowler barked and tabby mewed, And hapless Darby bawled aloud-"Return, my Joan, as heretofore;

I'll play the housewif 's part no more; Since now, by sad experience taught, Compared to thine my work is mought. Henceforth, as business calls, I'd take, Content, the plough, the scythe, the rake, And nevermore transgress the line Then Joan returned; as heretofore, Let each our proper task attend-Forgive the past, and strive to mend."

DR. HURLBUT'S PRESCRIPTION. BT ELIZABETH BIGALOW.

Carter drew her arm out of Charley as is a fine woman; and a capital man-Hurlbut's very decidedly, when they ager, too, isn't she!" reached the end of the village common. to say it, Charley, but I don't think I to his grave," said Miss Esther. can ever meet you so again. Mother enough trouble without my giving her for herself."

any-poor mamma!" Charley Hurlbut shrugged his shoulders impatiently. course. It is no matter how I feel; you ance inconsolable.

say coolly that you can never meet me again; that means, I suppose, that we are never to see each other again." "Why, no, Charley, if you will only

they ever were." "I can't think why your father should plainly visible in the moonlight. dislike my mother so. I think mother

than a notion he has got into his head. Widow Carter an old swehtheart who He's a crotchety, set old fellow, but he's had "made a fool of him."

"You and I he wouldn't come round—he could only not commented on by her mother, but disinherit me, and I have a pair of good, the squire was not so delicate. strong arms, and some passable brains "Bless me! what has become

of hesitation on it. But she shook her little Resy?" head firmly after a moment.

"Now, Rose, darling, don't tell me again to wait-The rest of the sentence was never the young man's shoulder, and an angry voice mimicked his tender tones. "Rose, darling!" I'll teach you to

'darling' her, young man!" And there was Dr. Hurlbut's face, red Hurlbut's office. with anger, looking over Charley's shoulder. Rose, at the first glimpse of

Charley, stoutly.

"Won't consent to be your wife, ch? lit the heartiness of interest and good nature, the Squire went on his way relieved.

AN OLD BALLAD DARBY AND JOAN. actly like a rejected lover!" answered the doctor.

"She would marry me, if she were allowed to choose," answered Charley, trying hard to keep his temper. "Her Just as he finished it his man Barnes —the departer.

mother will not consent." thinks my son is not good enough for widow Thomas's wood lot.

her daughter?" would give your consent to our marriage Bess, to go down to Sangus to the quarterly she would give bers."

"Ab, that's it! Well, my consent you'll never have, young man, you may rely upon that. And if I ever hear of your being with that young woman again, I'll turn you out of doors, sir. Not a penny of my money shall you ever have, sir. Remember that! I'am the answer, if you please, sir," said not the one to make idie threats."

Charley was about to reply, but they had reached the house by this time, and the doctor went into the office, and shut the door behind him with a bang. So there was nothing for poor Charley to do but to take his way disconsolately up stairs to bed.

In the meantime, the doctor seized all my worldly goods I thee endow," he the poker and stirred up the dying fire meant to say to her very soon,

in his grate savagely.
"Wou't consent, eh? That's like Rose Let me catch that boy with her daughter ry to his father. again!" And he walked up and down the room, brandishing the poker, and with a scowl still on his face, looking Carter once more, and try to gain her not unlike a midnight assassin, in spite of the venerable aspect which his gray hairs gave him.

But he cooled down soon, sufficient to carry the poker back to its place, and begin a long search for dressingger from Charley to another.

worse," he grumbled, jerking himself at might be persuaded to, in spite of them. last into the dilapidated and comfortless | And there was no time to lose, for in looking dressing-gown, and the slippers two days he was going to a distant city trodden down at the heel. He had trodden down at the heel.

And he strode into the dining-room, which indeed was cold and void of will. All his hopes new lay in influence. So early

ed a hard, very dark-colored doughnut savagely. "I'd turn her away to-morrow, she and her husband, too, only that the next | ing Rose's health which he had aroused; one would be sure to be worse. They so perhaps Charley could not have

worse to have in the house than a house- over to his side. keeper—unless it's a wife. And I don't Doctor Hurlbut still stood in the pan-

poet says. But then a man can't bear You are his only son, and so dear to careless air, as if he owned the whole "It's of no use to talk about my be- this state of things long; he might as him; and before this, you say he has ing your wife, Charley. Your father well live in a cave in the woods! Some never thwarted your slightest wish. You will never consent, and mother will nev- time or other I shall have to marry, and ought not to disobey him hastily. To er even let me see you-if she can help I might as well make up my mind to it be sure, his prejudices seem unreasonable, it-without his consent. No, you mustn't at once. I said to Miss Esther Wage, come a step further!" And pretty Rose the other day, the widow Zilpha Thom-

"Manager! you may be sure of that. "You know it almost breaks my heart | She managed poor Reuben Thomas in-

"But then, it is of no consequence would be sure to find it out, and it what these spiteful old maids say. Most I don't understand." would vex her so. And she has had likely she has an eye on the situation And the doctor drew himself up in

the proud assurance that when he did take a second helpmeet he should leave "Your mother comes before me, of every marriageable lady of his acquant-

"I'll drive around and see the widow Thomas next week; I don't think it likely that she could manage me."

And having made up his mind Doctor have patience to wait. Everything may Hurlbut betook himself to his chamber. But his face was not that of a man who it as she handed the note to Charley. "Wait! You have been telling me is quite satisfied with his decision; and to wait for the last two years, and things he stood for a long time at the window, are no nearer coming out right than and looked down to the foot of the hill, where the widow Carter's house was

"No, no; once is enough for a man to in a transport of delight. "Now you knows, but she will never tell me. Miss be made a fool of. And that silly boy Esther Wagg says they were lovers shall never marry her daughter if I can promise! And I am going away the day once, and had a quarrel which your help it!" he said, turning away, with a father can never forget. But one can't believe all Miss Esther's gossip.

decided shake of the head. From which believe all Miss Esther's gossip.

decided shake of the head. From which signs an observer would have supposed "The day after to-mor clieve all Miss Esther's gossip. signs an observer would have supposed "The day after to-morrow! My dear "I don't think it's anything more Miss Esther Wagg to be right, and the boy you are beside yourself!" exclaimed

got a good, big heart, Rose, if one can only get at it. If you were only my wife he would be sure to come round and side her mother the next morning, when reason for waiting. I shall coax Rose "To his we for so long, that you can't have the heart to say it longer, now that there is no past eight." The your think the world of you. If you would her uncle, old Squire Carter came in. over to my side, and then you can't reonly marry me, Rose! At the warst-if The pale cheeks had been observed, but fuse."

to fight my way—our way—through the red cheeks? Why, they are white as should be a very quiet wedding, to which world." The moonlight showed him her face, ping, and not enough air and exercise- invited, the next evening. and he fancied there was a little shadow or has its sweesheart deserted it, poor

let, of course. But the Squire was not satisfied. "The child looks realty ill, and somespoken, for a heavy hand was laid on thing must be done," he said to Mrs. and being somewhat surprised and puz-

And the Squire, haunted by Rosa's pale face, betook himself directly to Dr. Hurlbut's office "I want you to go and see my neice,

it, turned and ran, like a little coward as thing for her. She says nothing ails her, but she looks pale and moped. I suppose "Haven't I forbidden you seeing that it's nothing but want of exercise; if young woman? What do you mean by these girls would only do as their grandsneaking round here with her, like a mothers did. But you know what will scrawl, writ thief in the night?" pursued the doctor help her—it's nerves, I suppose," said irritation. the Squire, who fancied that "nerves' "It is not my fault that I do not walk were at the bottom of all feminine ail-

with her openly; it is not my fault that she is not my wife. It is only because she will not consent to be so," answered Charley, stoutly.

"Ah, yes! I'll send her a prescription," said the doctor, heartily. And thinking it the heartiness of interest and good it the heartiness of interest and good.

And Doctor Huribut, feeling even less amiable than on the previous night, sat cheeks, he thought forever, reappeared you had discovered that you preferred another?" demanded the doctor.

"Humph! not consent? That's pretty man who took care of the doctor's farm she felt any thing like the warmth she well!" growled the doctor. "So she on the outskirts of the town, near the

"The Widow Thomas's man Jake wants to Bess, to go down to Sangus. She told him to conference meeting to-night. She told him to say particular that she didn't feel very well, and thought the ride would do her good, if you would be so kind as to let her take Black

The doctor's face cleared as he read, "Little Sam Hodgkins is waiting for

And the doctor wrote a few words hurriedly, in answer to Samuel Hodgkins, not without grumbling at the man's stupidity in not letting the widow have the horse without applying to him. But no matter! the widow wouldn't have to ask for Black Bess again, "With

Barnes was entrusted with the two notes-one for Miss Rose Carter, and ure aftern on upon his hands, made an Shepard! she always was a proud piece. the other for little Sam Hodgkins to car-

In the meantime Charley had come to a new resolve. He would see Mrs. consent to his marriage with Rose. Without her consent, Rose would never be his wife.

try to overcome his father's prejudices; but he was determined that they should gown and slippers, a search which not be allowed to destroy his happiness, proved long, and served to turn his an- and Rose's, too, for life. Mrs. Carter temper, liked him; she would give Rose to him "Of all the miserable bousekeepers I willingly, she had told him, if it were ever had, this Dames waman is the not for his father's objections; she

"Not a drop of warm water, or any-thing to eat in the house, I'll warrant!" his pleading had been of no avail to induce her to marry against her mother's He went into the pantry and munch- that morning, he took his way to the cottage at the foot of the hill. Squire Carter had just left, and Mrs. Carter's mind was still filled with anxiety regard-

But, though she did hesitate for a moment, his pleading was in vain,

"You know there is no one I would so long since he had a wife that he is a stern man, a very stern man and he ones. ould not decide whether one was worse will never relent. He would never for. Was Miss Esther Wagg right, and than the housekeeper or not. It was a give you for marrying against his will. I was it possible that there was still a question he had been revolving in his cannot consent to your ruining all your spring of sentiment in the doctor's heart mind for two years, without coming to prospects in life. You and Rose are which fifty years and his crusty temper, any definite conclusion.

"Better bear the ills we have, than to fly to others we know not affect the concentration of the concentratio to fly to others we know not of,' the regret disobeying your father's wish.

"Unreasonable! It is absurd!" interrupted Charley, hotly. "Why he has never so much as seen you, to my knowl-

Mrs. Carter's cheek flushed faintly. "I lived here when I was a girl, you know. I knew your father the i. has some reasons for disliking me which

"It is only a prejudice, a notion, I am sure," said Charley. "And he has no right to dictate me in such a matter." And he was beginning his eager pleadings over again, when Barnes appeared with a note. There was no address on the outside and Mrs. Carter opened it, while Charley waited in a fever of sus-

pense to know what his father could have to say to Mrs. Carter. Her face was a picture of amazement as she read, but pleasure shown through

It was brief and to the point. "Let him have her. EBWARD HURLBURT." "I always told Rose be had a heart if one could only get at it!" cried Charley can have no objection; we have your

"The day after to-morrow! My dear "You and Rose have said wait to me

after to-morrow, you know, and I must

And he did coax them both over to his side after countless arguments and objections. It was arranged that there

Then Charley hurried home to express his gratitude to his father, who he began

Upon which Rosa's cheeks grew sear- to think he had misjudged. While this scene was transpiring at the cottage, Samuel Hodgkins had received Dr. Hurlbut's answer to his note Carter as he went away. "She hasn't zled by it, had transmitted it directly

So the widow, who was adorning her best cap with new cherry ribons, in anlittle Rose Carter, or prescribe some- ticipation of the doctor's taking her gentle hint and coming himself to drive her to the quarterly conference meeting was called from that pleasing occupation to read the following note, a mere scrawl, written suddenly, in haste and Let her take a desert spoonful of extract of

valerian, night and moraing for her nerves, common sense to as large doses as she can get

She had been angry often in her life Just as he snished it his man Barnes —the departed Reuben had been very ter!" said the widow. brought him a note. It was from the easy to manage—but never before had Charley began to see

felt that moment. "The impertinent old scoundrel! Gadescape! Stupid, cross old wretch! a life

of it I should lead with him!" And the widow put on her cherry-rib-Le : was not the worst man ever lived. Charley was obliged to repress his gratitude for a while, for when he returned home he found his father had say that though he has always prospered

medical convention, and he would not return home until the following day. When the d et r returned the next afternoon Chaley was absent, busied Miss Esther Wagg knows something with preparations for the approaching about that note, but he says nothing. wedding. Dr. Hurburt, finding a leisunusally careful toilet, and drove out to

call upon widow Thomas.

He had fully made up his mind that i would be a lesser evil to have the Widow Zilpha Thomas for a wife than Mrs. Barnes for a housekeeper, but he had not the air of a very eager wooer; and, in truth, was not without his mis-It was evidently a hopeless task to givings; he saw in his imagination try to overcome his father's prejudices; the widow's black eyes snapping defiantly at him, and wondered if he would not re'ent, if she proved of a quarelsome

And he cast two or three glances back at the Widow Carter's cottage, as he did so he certainly sighed. The Widow had been in the window, and she bowed to him-bowed and actually sm e l a little, though in a sad, shy way . Dr. Hurlbut did not understand it .-He had met her but twice, to be sure, since she had come back to the village, two years before, but at neither of those times had she shown any disposition to recognize him.

His looks had invited a recognition either then or now, but here she was as sweet as a May morning! It was all her artfulness, of course! She thought she could cajole him into letting Charley marry her daughter. He would send that are all about of a piece. There is nothing found a better time for trying to win her boy to Europe, to China, if it need be, were to have in the house than a house, were to his side.

ly as he passed the cottage and Widow Thomas's black eyes snapped before him try, deliberating, after the last morsel rather have for a son than you, Charley," all the more omininously in contrast of doughaut had disappeared. It was she said, "But I knew your father. He with the Widow Carter's soft, shy, blue Ashtabula is a nice,

> From afar off the Widow Thomas saw him coming-"riding along with grand, town," and she declared and prepared to do battle. She was in such a quiver of indignation that her cap-ribbon stood up straight, and the snapping eyes of

> his imagination were as nothing compared with these, "How dare you come here, you insulting, hypocritical villain! you perfidious wretch! Leave the house, sir, and if you ever come here again I'll set Towser up-

> on you as sure as I live!" she screamed. To say that the doctor was amazed would not fully express his emotion. He was thoroughly alarmed and lost no time in escaping from the presence of the maniae (as he felt sure she must be) to his carriage. "Insane from evil temper! ah I knew

why her anger should be directed against me I can't understand; though I suppose her wrath falls upon any one who pens to be near when the fit seizes her. O, what an escape I have had. And Dr. Hurlburt went his ho ward way, resolved to be contented with Ward Beecher. These productions are

those eyes were not for nothing! But

was no worse. Barnes met him with an unusually smiling countenance.

er is really as radical as Dr. Chapin, Dr.

"Mr. Charley's been waiting to see Bellows or Dean Stanley; but his serhe could not wait any longer, and its six author's advanced thought. Each suc-o'clock this minute. He told me to tell cossive Sunday's effort (reproduced in you how thankful and happy he was and

wedding! What are you talking about, you idiot?" demanded the doctor. To his wedding with Rose Carter. thought of course you knew. It's half of moral insincerity. Certain it is that

ow Carter's Cottage,

something like a flash in her eyes. How can you say that when you

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"Never! I never wrote you such a let-Charley began to see that an explana-tion, at which a third party would be de

trop, and took his departure. If he did then have a faint presentment of what ding about evenings, indeed! Valerian might happen as a result of that expla-for my nerves," as if I were some fidgety sation, at some future day, he was not old maid! Common sense in as large doses as I can find! How dare he write such a note! Well I have had a lucky When he and Rose moved away from

before the minister who had made them husband and wife, his father and Mrs. Carter stood up before him, and the cerboned cap upside down and fell to dust-ing the portrait of her deceased busband. They had decided in that brief space of with a vim. With all his faults, Reu- time, that was the best reparation possible for the mistake at almost a life time. And it proved so agreeable an arange-

gone to a nieghboring town to attend a in his practice, he never had so great a success as when he wrote a prescription for Rose Carter. The Dr. has a faint suspicion that

ment that Dr. Hurlbut is often heard to

- the giftle gie us, To see ourselves as ithers see his. From the Ashtabula Septinel.

samething to Think or. After a stendy and persistent effort he voters of this village, with the help of the women and minors of proper age to sign a memorial, induced our town council to pass an ordinance, prohibiting the opening and keeping any place, for the sale of intoxicating liquors, including Beer, Cider, and similar guzzles. The effect of this was to add greatly to the sobriety and good order of our village. Of course, we have not reached perfection; and now and then one of cur itizens gets drunk, or gets his whisky bottle filled, and then fills himself and cronies. But this is not an every day ocurrence; and it is rare enough to exite remark and the question-where did he get it? Why he was over to Ashtabula, is the ready answer, you know it can always be got there, in any quantity .-Such a one and such a one always comes home tight from Ashtabula, when he would be sober for weeks here, unless he should meet some of the right fellows who had been there, and got a pull

from their bottles. Now this kind of remark might be applicable to other places; but Ashtabuis the handiest to us, and the odium of furnishing liquors to get drunk Still it is certain that he sighed deepwith falls upon that place. It is handy to get liquor there, and it is handy to o cast the blame there. So oar neigh-

Ashtabula is a nice, pleasant town, and is growing, and likely to improve, with its new railroad facilities, still farstart; and although it may not be much of our business, we feel inclined to busy ourselves so far as to suggest to the Borough Council of that place, that they would do a good thing and a great thing if they would pass such an ordidance as we have in force here; and if the said conneil will not do it, it would be just as well for the citizens to urge them to do it, till they do. They will, if they are made to understand that the public centiment is in tayor of shutting up the drinking shops. If puplic sentiment is not in that shape-why, Heaven help

the place, We hope to see our neighbor village make this reform and rid itself of the roproach of having drinking holes and deadfalls to eatch its own people, and giving us and others occasion to lay so much of our sins at their doors; for we like Ashtabula and its people, and therefore wish them well.

Beecher's last series of sermons;

In the last Golden Age appears the following criticism of Henry Ward

J. B. Ford & Co. have issued another

series of sermous by the Rev. Henry

a housekeeper and thankful that his lot for those who like them; and the audience is large. But we have ceased to belong to it. In our opinion Mr. Beecher is really as radical as Dr. Chapin, Dr. on, sir, he waited a while but of course mons do not faithfully represent their Monday's pamphlet) is simply the conthat he should feel awful bad if you didn't come to the wedding," and dogmas from which his head and Thankful and happy! Come to the heart are turned almost wholly away. Without meaning to use a disparaging phrase, we know not how to characterize the sort of behavior as anything short st eight.

"The young rascal? Does he dare do has lost the hold over the orthodox this!" shouted the doctor, and rushed church which he once maintained, and out of the house, and down to the Wid- has made no corresponding gain among the liberal sects. He is an instance of a Mrs. Carter and Charley met him in man who, seeking to save his life, is loosthe hall. His wrath had time to cool a ling it. Long acknowledged as the most little in his walk, and if it had not he brilliant popular preacher in the country would have found it hard to be so de -a compliment which nobody, nor in monstrative as usual under the widow's any sect, begrudges him, but cheerfully calm, clear eyes. But he expressed his pays-he is nevertheless, year by year, disapproval quite strongly enough to declining in moral weight not only show them that there had been some with the church but in the community at large. To think one thing and say Charley produced the note, and the another—to hold one philosophy in pubdoctor saw through the mystery at once lie, and another in private-to offer one -Mrs, Thomas's lunancy and all. That morality to the multitude, and keep anstupid Barnes had changed the notes, other for one's self-is degredation to The Widow Thomas had been advised no man so much as to a minister, and a to stop gadding about evenings, and blot, upon nothing so much as upon re-Mrs. Carter had considered herself per- ligion, Nevetheless, there is so much mitted to "let him have her" daughter! in these pages showing that Mr. Beech-However angry he might be the doctor or frequently forgets that he is a priest saw that it was too late to interfere, and remembers that he is a man, and well young man, you have chosen there are so many happy thoughts your way, and you must walk in it! shooting like sunbeams through all he She's her mother over and over again says, that he will always remain one of they say, -you had better marry her as the noble specimens of what God can soon as possible, or she'll jilt you, as her do in making a human being with a mother did me." The Widow Carter looke 1 at him with but with an overflowing fullness of fancy

and wit. Trying to carry home five pounds of The widow's black eyes snapped so that the doctor, if he had been there to see, would have liked them less than a month of the day that was to have been from attending church on Sunday.